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WESTERN

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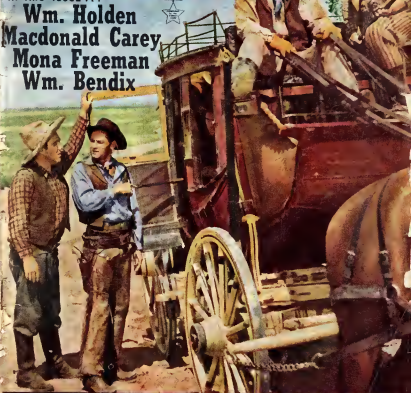
No. 77

10¢

52 PAGES

IN THIS ISSUE...

Wm. Holden
Macdonald Carey
Mona Freeman
Wm. Bendix



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based on Paramount's Technicolor Picture

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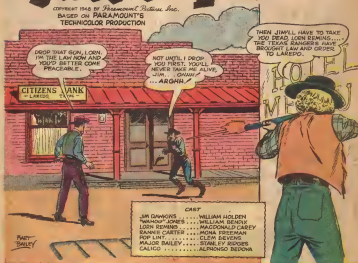
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DASHING, QUICK-DRAWING LORN REMING LED HIS HOOT OWL, SADDLEBARDS, JIM DAWKINS AND "WAHOO" JONES, INTO PAY DIRT HOLDUPS OF STAGECOACHES AND BANKS — UNTIL THE HAND OF FATE TURNED JIM AND "WAHOO" INTO TEXAS RANGERS. SEEKING REVENGE, THE RESENTFUL LORN KILLED "WAHOO" AND GOT THE DROP ON JIM, OUT TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE. IT LOOKED LIKE THE END FOR JIM, UNTIL HIS SWEETHEART, RANNIE, FIRED THE FATAL SHOT THAT SENT THE BOLD BANDIT TO BOOTHILL ON THE

"Streets of Laredo"

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY Paramount Pictures, Inc.
BASED ON PARAMOUNT'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION



CAST

JIM DAWKINS	WILLIAM HOLDEN
"WAHOO" JONES	WILLIAM BENDIS
LORN REMING	MICHAEL CAREY
RANNIE CARTER	MONA FREEMAN
POP LINT	GLENN BEVENS
MAJOR BAILEY	STANLEY RIDGES
CALICO	ALFONSO BEDOYA

ACCORDING TO PLAN, WAHOO GOT A JOB AS A STAGECOACH DRIVER AND TIPPED OFF LORN AND JIM WHO MADE THE MASKED HOLDUP...



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A FEW HOURS LATER AT THEIR CONSPIRACIOUS, LOHN AND HIS
PALS DIVIDED THE STAGBROACH LOOT....

WELL, BAHRT'S LITTLE
OLD MANNO FOOLISH 'EM
AGAIN WITH THAT SOWER
ACT, DIDN'T I?... BUT BE
A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL,
LOHN, YOU'RE COMING
MIGHTY CLOSE TO MY
HEAD WITH YOUR BULLETS.

NOW, MANNO,
DID YOU EVER
KNOW LOHN TO MISS P?

AND IF I EVER DO,
THEN JIM AND I'LL
HAVE TO BREAK IN
A NEW MAN, THAT'S
ALL, SO DON'T
WORRYING!

YOU BOYS KNOW THAT
I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT
CAN KEEP HIS WIFE
WHEN WE'RE DRINKING
IN THE CANTINA AT
EL ROSA, SO YOU'D
BETTER LET ME KEEP
YOUR MONEY FOR YOU
UNTIL AFTER WE LEAVE.

OKAY, BUT
NOT AFTER
THAT, LOHN.

I DRESS YOU'RE
RIGHT AFTER THE
WAY I ACTED IN
THE LAST TOWN,
BUT..... WHAT'S
THAT?... SOUNDS
LIKE GUN-FIRE!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
STEALING CATTLE.
HOW COME IT AIN'T US?

NOW YOU'RE TALKING
LIKE A REAL LEADER,
LOHN.... LET'S GO!

A CRAFTY HIDEAWAY, NAMED CALICO, AND HIS HENCHMAN,
CANTREL, ARE DISCOVERED STEALING A SMALL RANCHER'S
CATTLE....

I'M GETTING OUT OF
HERE, CALICO. I
CAN'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD AGAINST THEM!
FELLERS WITH MY
RIGHT ARM HURT.

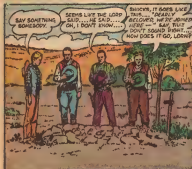
RUENO, CANTREL,
... I WILL DEEV
THESE HORSES'S
SOME SORT SOAR
SEE YOU LATER IN
OUR HIDEOUT.

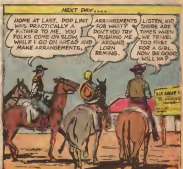
WELCOME, AMIGOS.
YOU A PIECE OF
THE LAW, I HOPE?
YOU CAME JUST IN
TIME. ALL THIS
TROUBLE... SOMEBODY
COULD GET HURT.

SOMEBODY'S
GONNA TO GET
HURT IF YOU
DON'T BRING
BACK THAT
HERD OF
CATTLE.

MY NAME CHARLEY
CALICO, ALL I DO
IS WHAT THE TAX
ASSESSOR'S OFFICE
TELL ME.

ASSESSOR? THAT'S
JUST A FANCY NAME
FOR CATTLE-THIEF.
... THIS CALICO
COLLECTS YOUR
MONEY WHEN YOU
CAN'T PAY HIM FOR
PROTECTION.







UNKNOWN TO LORN, CALICO AND CANTREL, AMBUSHED HIM AND HIS DALLS AND FOLLOWED THEM AT A DISTANCE

BUT LORN, BANKER'S JUST A KID AND YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HER YOU WERE COMING BACK UNLESS YOU MEANT IT.

PERHAPS THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU, LORN. NOW, GENTS, WHEN YOU MEET YOUR WORD WITH WOMEN, AND WHERE'D IT GET YOU?

DON'T LOOK INTO MY EYES, BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT COMPANY.



YOU ARE VERY KIND, BUT WE DO NOT REQUIRE AN ESCORT, MR. CALICO.

NOW, AMIGO, IS THERE A NICE WAY TO TALK? CALICO HAS A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO DISCUSS WITH HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS IN EL LISA... ABOUT SOME MONEY AND SOME CATTLE, IS NOT?



SEEING HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED, LORN RODE FORWARD AGAIN

NOW LISTEN, YOU TWO, AS SOON AS THAT CLOUD COVERS THE MOON, SPREAD OUT... KEEP SEPARATED, AND MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

SHUT UP, MR. WINDO. USE YOUR HEAD INSTEAD OF YOUR TONGUE FOR ONCE. YES, I KNOW, BUT...

HEY AMIGOS... DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE OR CALICO WILL BE FORCED TO SHOOT.

WINDO
SANG
SANG
SANG



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

OH, BOY! LOOKS LIKE WE LOST THEM.

YEAH, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE WE LOST? LORN AND HIS BOY. ALL OUR DOUGH REMEMBER?



TWO YEARS LATER, JIM AND WINDO AWOKE AND TO SELL THEIR HORSES.

IMAGINE, TRYING TO MAKE AN HONEST LIVIN' AND WE GO BACK... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK, JIM, THAT LORN REMAINS IS DOWN HERE IN SOUTH TEXAS.

JUST BECAUSE THAT PINKERTON BULLETIN SAID THAT LAST DEAL LORN PULLED OFF WAS IN NORTH TEXAS? LORN LIKES JIMMY AROUND TO FOOL 'EM.



A FEW HOURS LATER, JIM AND WINDO, DESPERATE FOR MONEY, DECIDED TO HOLD UP A STAGE.

NOW REMEMBER, LET ME DO THE TALKING, WINDO. IF WE DO THIS RIGHT, WE'LL GET PICKED UP AND LATER WE'LL HOLD UP THE DRIVER!

OKAY, JIM, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY. I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT THIS SADDLE.





HOW ABOUT A LIFT TO THE NEXT TOWN? OUR HORSES STUCK THEIR LEGS DOWN A COUPLE OF CORNER HOLES AND WE HAD TO SHOOT 'EM.

OKAY, Toss Your SADDLES UP HERE AND GET IN.



LOOKS LIKE HOOPER EXPECTING TROUBLE. ARE YOU A RANGER?

YEP, WHEN YOU CAUSE A BIG PAYROLL LIKE WE ARE, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... FRANK, NO, STANDING UP THERE WITH THE RIFLE, IS THE BEST SHOT IN COMPANY D. HE'LL BE MIGHTY DISAPPOINTED IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN!

GOSH!



OKAY, YOU FOLKS CAN STRETCH YOUR LEGS WHILE I WATER MY HORSES.

A FEELLED BE HOOPER THAN INKAGE TO TRY TO HOLD UP THIS COACH - NED BE CRAZY!



JUMPIN' CATS, IT'S LOHN. HOW DO WE STOP HIM, JIM, BEFORE THE RANGERS MAKE A SIEGE OUT OF HIM?

COME ON, WARD - WE GOT TO TAKE LOHN PRISONER TO SAVE HIS LIFE!



LOHN THOUGHT THIS WAS JIM'S IDEA OF A BOUSING WELCOME...

HEY, HAVE YOU GONE GONK CRAZY?... THIS IS MR. LOHN.



YOU FOOLS ACT LIKE YOU DON'T WANT TO GET BACK YOUR MONEY. I'VE BEEN HOLDING FOR YOU AND.... O-O-O-O-N!

SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO HELP A LITTLE, WARD.



CAN'T AIM IN THE ACT... COLD. YOU BOWS DONE FINE. WE'LL TAKE HIM IN TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS. YOU GOT A \$200 REWARD COMING.

WHO, US?

I'M WONDERING HOW WE'RE GONNA LIVE TO ENJOY IT!

NEXT DAY IN ORDER TO HELP LOON ESCAPE, JIM AND Wahoo TOOK THE RANGERS' OATH FROM MAJOR BAILEY, COMMANDING OFFICER.

... AND THEREFORE AS A MEMBER OF THE RANGER FORCE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO PRESERVE LAW AND ORDER TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY... SO HELP ME, GOD.

SO
HELP
ME...

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, JIM BROUGHT LOON SOME SUPPER.

POET, AMIGO... I WANTA EXPLAIN WHY Wahoo AND I HAD TO JUMP YOU... THERE WERE TWO RANGERS, DEAD SHOTS, AND THEY WOULD HAVE PUMPED YOU FULL OF LEAD.

OUT LOON, WE'RE STILL YOUR FRIENDS AND Wahoo HAS THREE HORSES IN THE COMPOUND ALL SADDLED AND WAITING FOR US, AND.... O-O-OH!

SAVE YOUR EXPLANATIONS, BACHEHEAD FOR MAJOR BAILEY! EGGS WERE ON OUT, LOON REMINDS PLAYS A LONE RANGER.

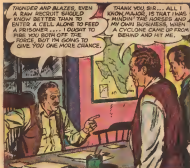
GOOD OLD LOON, I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT... WHERE'S JIM?

LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK, WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A SECOND.

HAY LOON, YOU DON'T SAY! THE TRICK WE PLAYED WAS TO....

YOU'LL NEVER DOUBLE-CROSS LOON REMINDS AGAIN, YOU FOOL!

ACHOO, SUCKERS!



THUNDER AND BLAZES, EVEN A RAIN SHOUT SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO ENTER A CELL ALONE TO FEED A PRISONER.... I OUGHT TO KICK YOU BOTH OFF THE FORCE, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE.

THANK YOU, SIR... ALL I KNOW, MAJOR, IS THAT I WAS MINDIN' THE HORSES AND MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN A CYCLONE CAME UP FROM BEHIND AND HIT ME.



NEXT DAY FOUND JIM AND WAMPOU WRITING TABLE AT 11:00 A.M. JUST GOT A TELEGRAM THAT THE BIG MALENTY LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY IS BUYING A FEED SOUTH. WE'LL NEED EVERY MAJON THIS PATROL, EVEN TWO WAITERS, TO PROTECT THEM.

YES, SIR!

ANYTHING'S BETTER, MAJOR, THAN THIS K.R.!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ON THE CATTLE TRAIL....

THIS IS THE PLACE, JIM, TO START BOWIN' SO FAR FROM THAT RANGER OUTFIT, THEY'LL THINK WE NEVER WAS IN IT. ... COME ON.

WAIT A MINUTE, WAMPOU... WE'RE NOT LEAVING THE RANGERS TILL WE HEAR FROM LORN.



LORN SLOGS US IN THE FACE, RIDS OUT ON US.... WHAT ELSE DOES HE HAVE TO DO TO CONVINCE YOU THAT HE AIN'T EXACTLY DRY FOR OUR COMPANY?

WHATEVER LORN DID, I BET HE HAD A GOOD REASON... LOOKA THERE, DOWN IN THE HOLLOW... BIG BUNCH OF LONGHORNS.



THAT MUST BE THE RANGER HERD.

YEAH, AND IF THERE'S ANY CATTLE CAN BE STOLEN, LORN SLOGIN' WO'D BE FAR AWAY.



HE'S A LOT CLOSER THAN YOU THINK YOU AAL AOMBER'S... DON'T DRAW OR I'LL START RUMPLING LEAD.

LORN, YOU MIGHT NOT THINK IT, BUT WHEN WE GOT YOU THROWN INTO THE CALABOOGUE WE HAD THE FRIENDLIEST INTENTIONS...



YEAH, AND WHEN I SLOGGED YOU AND JIM, I HAD THE FRIENDLIEST PLAN FOR ALL OF US. I WANTED YOU TO STAY IN THE RANGERS AND TID ME OFF WHEN THERE'S SOMETHING BIG. GET IT?

WELL, WAMPA, YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

TELL US MORE, LORN.

LOORN TIED THE HANDS OF THE RIDERS FOR THE MALENTY COMPANY TO THE HORNBELS OF THEIR SADDLES.

NOW, THERE'S THE MALENTY COMPANY ALL READY FOR YOU TO SNATCH. FIRE YOUR GUNS IN THE AIR AND RIDE DOWN AND TAKE OVER AS IF YOU RANGERS AND OVERTHREW ME.

I GOT IT AND WHEN WE DRIVE THAT HERD INTO THE RANGER CAMP, JIM AND I'LL BE HEROES AGAIN.

LOORN, YOU'RE A GENIUS.

PRETENDING THAT THEY SOBBED OFF LOORN, JIM AND MAJOO ROSE DOWN TO TAKE CUSTODY OF THE HERD.

AND DON'T FORGET, YOU TWO THAT WHEN THERE'S A SOLD BARRIMENT OR A BIG CATTLE DRIVE, STAY IN THE RANGERS' AND SLIP ME THE WORD.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, RIDING THROUGH THE RANGER COMPOUND...

NICE JOB, RANGERS.

THE CAMP IS SMELIN' AGAIN.

YOU'RE IN, FELLAS... YOU'LL GET 'EM.

BOYS, THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD IN PRIVATE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THAT MALENTY JOB. MISS CARTER, I WANT YOU TO MEET TWO FINE EXAMPLES OF TEXAS RANGERS.

OH, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A NOBEN, MAJOR. JUST BRAVERY AN' BRAINS AN'—

IT AIN'T, IT CAN'T BE.

IT IS!

JIM!... MAJOO!... WHERE'S LOORN?

SAMMIE, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WASTING MY TIME. IT LOOKS LIKE CALICO IS STILL BLEEDING US, ALTHOUGH POP AND I HAVE DONE PRETTY WELL, BUT MAJOR BAILEY SAYS THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO... IMAGINE!

JIM, I WISH YOU'D PLEASE EXPLAIN TO MISS CARTER THAT THE LAW FORBIDS RANGERS FROM INTERFERING UNLESS THE CITY OR COUNTY AUTHORITIES ASK FOR US, OR THE CITIZENS SIGN A PETITION.

APPLESTOCKS/CALICO'D SKIN OUR SHERIFF ALIVE IF HE'D EVEN LOOK AT A RANGER... THE RANGERS ARE SUPPOSED TO MAKE TEXAS A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE IN... IS THIS HOW YOU DO IT, MAJOR?

MEN, I FIGURE THAT IF YOU COULD HANDLE THAT MALENTY JOB BY YOURSELVES, YOU CAN HANDLE THIS TICKLESH SITUATION.



YOU SURE
DONE A LOT
OF GROWING,
WARRIE...
WAY, YOU'RE
A YOUNG
WOMAN, NOW!

WELL, ANY GUY
WOULD DO A
LOT OF GROWING
IN FOUR YEARS...
BUT YOU
WASN'T ANSWERING
MY QUESTION!
WHERE'S LORN?

SEE THAT OLD
SHACK DOWN
THERE? WELL,
LAST I HEARD
OF LORN, HE
WAS OFF AND
UP DOWN
THERE. BETTER
LET ME GO ON
AHEAD AND SEE.



WHAT'S THE
IDEA, JIM, OR
SOMEBODY
THAT GUY TO
THIS PLACED
GODPOSE
SOMEBODY
FOLLOWED YOU...
THAT'S
ALL WE NEED!

TAKE IT EASY,
LORN, I TOLD
WARRIE YOU
ALWAYS AID
UP ALONE SO
YOU CAN INSPECT
A JERD BEFORE
BUYING IT.



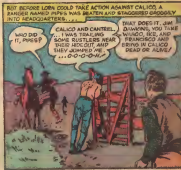
HERE'S TO THE BORCA,
LOVE LIFE TRAIL EVER,
AND AFTER THAT WE'LL
BRING A TOAST TO THE
REAGINATION OF SENEC
CALICO...

THANK YOU,
LORN,
YOU CAN DO
WHAT ALL
THE TEXAS
RANGERS
CAN'T!



DANNIE IS SORT OF
GONE ON YOU, LORN.
... AND YOU'RE DOIN'
A KINDA GOOD THING
ABOUT CALICO.

GOOD THING, THIS IS THE
BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR. SOMEBODY'S GOING TO
HAVE TO TAKE CALICO'S
PLACE... AND YOU'RE
LOOKING AT THAT SOMEBODY.

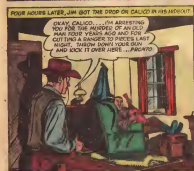


BUT BEFORE LORN COULD TAKE ACTION AGAINST CALICO, A
RANGER NAMED PIPEY WAS BEATEN AND STAGGLED GAGGELY
INTO HEADQUARTERS...

WHO DID
IT, PIPEY?

CALICO AND CANTEEL.
... I WAS TRAILING
SOME RUSTLERS NEAR
THEIR HEADQUARTERS, AND
THEY JUMPED ME
... O-O-O-OH.

THAT DOES IT, JIM.
DANNIE, YOU TAKE
WARRIE, LEE, AND
FRANCISCO AND
BRING IN CALICO
DEAD OR ALIVE!



FOUR HOURS LATER, JIM GOT THE DROP ON CALICO IN HIS ABODE.

OKAY, CALICO... I'M ARRESTING
YOU FOR THE MURDER OF AN OLD
MAN FOUR YEARS AGO AND FOR
CUTTING A RANGER TO PIECES LAST
NIGHT. THROW DOWN YOUR GUN
AND KICK IT OVER HERE... PROATO



OF COURSE, ANGLO, I SURRENDER
TO RESPECTED RANGERS, BUT
MURDER IS VEREE BIG WORD.
... ARGHHH!

BUT JIM, WITH CALICO'S DEAD BODY, WALKED INTO A TRAP SET BY CANTREL....

NOT SO FAST, RANGER. GOOD THAT BODY AND STAND OVER AGAINST THE WALL... ON THE DOOR.



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, RANGER.

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, CANTREL. LAM AND ORDER HAVE COME TO TEXAS TO STAY!



NICE WORK, HAWKO, IN THE NICK OF TIME, BUT WHAT TOOK YOU GUYS SO LONG?

BAD NEWS ABOUT RANNE, JIM. CANTREL, UNDER ORDERS FROM CALICO, BURNED DOWN HER BARN BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T PAY UP, AND POP LINT KICKED THE BUCKET FROM HEART FAILURE.



ONE WEEK LATER, THE CITIZENS OF EL LOSA PRESENTED JIM WITH A TOKEN OF THEIR ESTEEM.

AH... JIM BARKINS, AS THE NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR OF EL LOSA, PRESENTS TO YOU THIS PEARL HANDLED REVOLVER IN APPRECIATION OF WHAT YOU AND YOUR FELLOW RANGERS HAVE DONE TO BRING LAM AND ORDER TO OUR FAIR CITY.

THANK YOU, SIR, I HOPE I SHALL ALWAYS PROVE WORTHY OF YOUR CONFIDENCE.



SCORE, BECAUSE JIM DIDN'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO KILL CALICO. LORN WENT ON A RAMPAGE OF KILLINGS UNTIL THERE WAS A REMIND OF \$5000 FOR HIM DEAD OR ALIVE.

IF YOU GENTLEMEN KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, JUST LIE FLAT ON YOUR BACKS UNTIL I'M OUT OF SIGHT...



MAJOR BAILEY WILL BE FIT TO BE TIED WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT THE RANGERS' OWN DAYROLL HAS BEEN STOLEN THIS TIME.

PEAH, THAT'S SORT OF IMMEDIATE.



WOUNDED BY A BULLET FROM THE GUARD'S RIFLE, LORN AWAKED FOR RANNE'S ARMS.

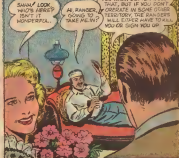


NEXT DAY, JIM WENT A-COURTIN'....



WHY, JIM, THESE FLOWERS
AND THE CANDY FOR ME? WHAT
A PLEASANT SURPRISE—
AND I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU TOO.

YEAH, WELL, I GOT ANOTHER
ONE... RANNE, I'M A MAN
OF FEW WORDS, BUT IF
YOU LIKE ME AS MUCH
AS I LIKE YOU, WHY,
WHAT SAY WE...?



SHAW! LOOK,
WHY'S ABBEY
ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL.

AS RANNE,
GOING TO
TAKE ME, W?

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN
THAT, BUT IF YOU DON'T
OPERATE IN SOME OTHER
TERRITORY, THE RANGERS
WILL EITHER HAVE TO KILL
YOU OR SIGN YOU UP.



THIS IS ALL A
TERRIBLE
SHOCK TO
ME, JIM....
YOU MUST
TAKE LORN
IN, IT'S YOUR
DUTY.

NEVER HAD THE
BOOGAT, JIM....
BUT LISTEN, PART
OF THE MONEY
I GOT IN THAT
LARGO BANK IS
YOURS, DON'T
YOU WANT IT?

I WOULDN'T SOIL
MY HANDS WITH
IT.... I'M A GURE
WOLF RANGER.
NOW, LORN, AND
I WASH YOU TO
GET OUT OF THIS
TERRITORY
QUICK.



I'M SORRY, MAJOR
BALLE, BUT LORN
RENNING IS AN OLD
FRIEND OF MINE.
I'LL HAVE TO
DESIGN, BECAUSE
I CAN'T BRING
HIM IN.

SORRY TO HEAR
THAT, DAWKINS.
YOU WERE FIGHT IN
LINE FOR PROOF, AND
NOW I'LL HAVE
TO PLACE YOU
UNDER ARREST. YOU
SEE, I'VE KNOWN
AS A LONG ABOUT
WOLF FORMER
CAREER AS A BANGIT
WITH LORN REHING!



BEING HIT, HIMSELF, BY THE RANGER
BUD, AND WANTING TO GET HIS SHARE
OF POUCH FROM LORN, WAGDO WENT
AFTER HIM AT BANGING SINGLE HANDED.

NOW LET ME GET THIS
STRAIGHT, WAGDO.
YOU WANT ME AND
THE BOYS TO RISE
INTO CAMP AND HELP
YOU GET-ON OUT OF
THE HOODEOWN?

YEAH, IT'S A
SWEET IDEA
ANY IT?



YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH,
WAGDO. I OVERHEARD YOU
PLANNING TO TRAP ME
WITH RANNE SENDING WORD
TO WARN THE RANGERS. HAHA!

OH, I LOVE YOU, LORN
RENNING, YOU COLD-BLOODED
KILLER. GET OUT OF MY
HOODE THIS MINUTE, BEFORE
I TURN YOU IN MYSELF.
GET OUT!



WHY, IT'S
WAGDO.

YEAH, AND THE
POOR DEVIL'S DEAD
... SOMEBODY
TELL HIM.

COMPANY D
HEADQUARTERS

ENLIGHTENED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON, WANDOO, JIM TOLD MAJOR BAILEY THAT HE HAD DECIDED TO DO HIS DUTY AND BRING LORN TO JUSTICE....



JUST AS I FIGURED LORN WOULD TAKE MAKING A BEE LINE FOR ALL THAT MONEY HE HAD ON DEPOSIT IN THE LARDER BANK.

HELLO, LORN. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU IN FOR THE DEATH OF WANDOO, AND SEVERAL OTHER MATTERS. BETTER COME PEACEABLE.



WHY, JIM, I HEARD THAT YOU HAD RESIGNED FROM THE RANGERS. WISE BOY TOO, FOR A BIG PART OF THE MONEY IS YOURS, AND YOU CAN HAVE WANDOO'S SHARE, TOO.

ALL I WANT, LORN, IS FOR YOU TO COME WITH ME. COME PEACEABLE FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.



ON LEAVING THE STATE, JIM, DON'T TRY TO STOP ME OR I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU.

PERF! PERF! JIM, OH, JIM!



PLEASE LET HIM GO, JIM. I'LL TELL HIM THAT HE NEVER COMES BACK. JIM, PLEASE, I'LL NOT GIVE YOU ANY MORE CHANCE THAN HE GAVE WANDOO.



O-O-OH!

SORRY, JIM, BUT I ALWAYS TOLD YOU NEVER TO TRUST A WOMAN.



WELL, I'LL BE --

PRETER

AND SO ON THE STREETS OF LARDER, THE BOLD, SHERRING OUTLAW, LORN BEMING, MET THE DEATH HE DESERVED AT THE HANDS OF A BRAVE TEXAS RANGER AND A WOMAN WHOSE SEX HE DESPISED.



THE END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA



NOTHING, Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Swore of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head, etc. Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk losing them and your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 4 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes very infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-destroying blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful hair-managing action—within 3 days!

Once you're held, there's *no* friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first thought just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. Yes, be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 238 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW!

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. **Send No Money**

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories, Inc.,

238 E. 49th St., Dept. C-8, New York 17, N. Y.

Ref: Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay address two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, so you **GUARANTEE** refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Check how it you enclose \$7.00, with order, and we will pay postage. Same refund offer holds. Refund: **AND 10% Cash or 20% in C.O.D.**

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SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF
HEAD
ODORS

Proof!
My hair
is falling
out
every day
and my
scalp
itches
terribly
I tried
many
things
but
nothing
helped
until
I used
Ward's
Formula
and
now
my
hair
is
growing
back
and
my
scalp
is
clear
and
itch-free
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

I must admit I didn't hope much for it, but I haven't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.
E. K. Cleveland, Ohio
Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, the group the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.
R. H. C., Canton, Ill.
I am excited to death with the results. In just two weeks, some of the falling out has stopped. I feel encouraged to say that the magnificent results which this bottle of Ward's has given me in 12 days is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** unless you actually **SEE, FEEL, and ENJOY** all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The law is on our side. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BRAVE MEN AND HARDY WOMEN
PUSHED BACK THE FRONTIERS,
TRAVELING IN THEIR CUMBERSOME
COVERED WAGONS, BRAVING BLAZING
HEAT, AND MARROW-FREEZING COLD...
FACING THE TERRORS OF THE UNKNOWN
...AND THE GRIM REALITIES OF HOSTILE
INDIANS... BUT IT REMAINS FOR DUSTY
BALLEW AND GUMPTION JONES
TO BATTLE THE DEADLIEST PERIL OF
ALL, THE MOST VICIOUS OF CRIMES...
... TREASON! AS...

The WAGONS ROLL WESTWARD!

PSST, GUMPTION... I
WORKED ONE HAND
FREE... I'LL GET THESE
THONGS OFF IN A
MINUTE, THEN I'LL
OPEN YOURS...

ONCE I GIT MUH HANDS FREE, I WON'T
REST UNTIL I WRAP 'EM AROUND THAT
RENEGADE MCKETTRICK'S THROAT...
LOOK AT HIM STANDIN' THERE, AN'
SMILIN'.. THE DIRTY TRAITOR!



ON THE DUSTY, SUN-BAKED PRAIRIE WAGON
ROAD, SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS, DURING THE
GREAT MIGRATION WESTWARD... TWO SOLITARY
HORSEMEN JOG ALONG...

WHAT'S WRONG, GUMPTION?
YOU'RE TWISTIN' AROUND
IN YOUR SADDLE, LIKE
YOU HAVE THE
SEVEN YEAR ITCH!

I DUNNO, DUSTY.
BUT I FEEL
MIGHTY UNEASY.
IT'S TOO QUIET.



YOU'RE JUMPY, GUMPTION, JUST BECAUSE
OF THAT TALK ABOUT THE SICKX BEIN'
ON THE WARPATH... WHY, THERE PROBABLY
ISN'T A HOSTILE INDIAN FOR
MILES AROUND... AN'... HEY!

MISTER BALLEW,
THAT'S AN INJUN
ARROW... HIT THE
DIRTY!



SUDDENLY, OVER A RISE, A MOUNTED BAND OF SIOUX, SHOUTING THEIR WILD WAR CRIES, SWOOP DOWN ON THE EMBATTLED PAIR...

HERE THEY COME, GUMPTION!

I SEE 'EM! YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



YIELD! OR THE OLD ONE DIES!

DON'T PAY NO HEED, DUSTY... FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT!

NO, GUMPTION... I WON'T LEAVE YOU! OKAY... WE'RE YOUR PRISONERS!



AND MOMENTS LATER, THERE IS A WILD STRUGGLE, AS THE TWO MEN FIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS...

POWDER RIVER! LET 'ER BUCK!

KEEP FIGHTING, OLD TIMER! KEEP FIGHTING!



AND SO TIED, DUSTY AND GUMPTION ARE LED AWAY BY THEIR CAPTORS...

THIS IS A PURTY KETTLE OF FISH, DUSTY! BY THE TIME THIS BUNCH GETS THROUGH WITH US, WE'LL WISH WE WERE DEAD!

YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SOMETHIN', GUMPTION! WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE! WE AIN'T LICKED YET... NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE...

WHY YOU DIRTY NO

HOWDY, GENTS! HOPE THE BOYS DON'T HANDLE YOU TOO ROUGH! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET WASH SIDE KKK, FLYING EAGLE! HE'LL TREAT YOU FINE! HE HAS A LITTLE CEREMONY PLANNED, IN YOUR HONOR!

ACCOUNT RENEGADE... WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?

I DON'T NEED TO HAVE HIM TELL US, GUMPTION! THIS IS WALT MCKETTRICK! HE USED TO BE AGENT FOR THE INDIANS, AND NOW HE'S TURNED RENEGADE! DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH CALLING HIM NAMES... THERE'S NONE BAD ENOUGH FOR HIM!



THIS'LL LEARN YOU TO SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF WISTER! MESSIE YOU THINK I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU... WELL, YOU'RE WRONG, DUSTY BALLEW, THE TIN HORN HERO, AN' HIS PARO, GUMPTION JONES! YOU AIN'T SUCH A HERO NOW, BALLEW... HOW COME?

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MCKETTRICK... AN' MY HANDS WON'T BE TIED!



MCKETTRICK, YOU HAVE PROMISED ME THE SCALPS OF MANY PALEFACES: HERE ARE ONLY TWO... WHAT OF THE OTHERS?

I HAVE TOLD YOU, FLYING EAGLE! A GREAT WAGON TRAIN COMES! IT IS GUIDED BY MY MAN THOMPSON! HE WILL LEAD IT INTO THE AMBUSH YOU HAVE PREPARED! THEN THERE WILL BE ALL THE SCALPS YOU DESIRE!



AN' AS FOR THESE TWO, WOULD IT NOT BE GREAT FUN FOR YOU TO MAKE THEM RUN THE GAUNTLET?

YOU SPEAK WELL, MCKETTRICK! THEY WILL BE MADE TO RUN THE GAUNTLET! IT IS GOOD PRACTICE FOR MY WARRIORS!



WAAL, GUMPTION, WE'RE IN FOR A TIME NOW! HOW DO YOU FEEL, PARD?

I'VE FELT BETTER! THAT'S LOTS OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO THAN RUN THE GAUNTLET!



WATCH ME CLOSE, GUMPTION! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, WE'LL MAKE A BREAK! THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE THAT WE'LL GET OUT!

I'LL KEEP MY EYES GLUED TO YOU, DUSTY! AND WHATEVER YOU DO, I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!



THE DREADED GAUNTLET! CRUELEST PUNISHMENT OF THE INDIANS...



GUMPTION! FOLLOW ME!

I'M WITH YOU, DUSTY! YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLER, DUSTY AND GUMPTION GO INTO ACTION...

HERE! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY NEED FOR THAT CLUB!

ALWAYS KNEW I'D MAKE BETTER USE OF MY HEAD THAN JUST A PLACE TO KEEP MUH HAT!



THEY WON'T GET FAR... I'LL... OWW!

BY THE HORNED SPOON! THAT'S THROWIN' DUSTY!

COME ON, GUMPTION... JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED AN' YOUR LEGS CHURNIN'!



AND THEN, THEY RECEIVE AID FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE...

AFTER 'EM, FLYING EAGLE! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

NO! HOLD, MY BRAVES! WE WILL NOT PURSUE THEM!



SEIZE THEM! SEIZE THEM!

DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!



WITH A BURST OF SPEED, THE TWO MEN REACH THEIR HORSES... AND LEAP INTO THE SADDLE...

WE MADE IT! BURN LEATHER, GUMPTION!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HAPPY TO SEE ANYTHIN' AS THIS OLD HOGS! MAKE TRACKS, DUSTY!



THEY ARE BRAVE MEN! IT IS THE CUSTOM OF MY PEOPLE TO GIVE LIBERTY TO ANYONE WHO SURVIVES THE GAUNTLET... AND THESE TWO RICHLY DESERVE IT... WE WILL LET THEM GO IN PEACE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, KETTRICK?



URGING THEIR STURDY MUSTANGS FORWARD TO THE
UTMOST, DUSTY AND GUMPTION GALLOP ON TO SAFETY.

RECKON WE CAN
SLOW UP A BIT,
GUMPTION...THEY
DON'T SEEM TO
BE COMING
AFTER US!

'COURSE NOT! OO YOU THINK
THEY WANT TO TANGLE WITH
ME AGAIN? RECKON THEY
KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR
'EM! WHY, I WAS JUST
GETTIN' INTO THE SWING
OF IT! I'M AT MUH BEST
IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!



GUSTY! CON-
SARN IT! DON'T
YOU WANT TO
HEAR THE END
OF MUH YARN?

NOPE! NO TIME...I CAN GUESS
IT ANYWAY! YOU PERSONALLY
KILLEO ALL THE INJUNS, AN'
SAVED THE WAGONS! NOW,
SHAKE GUST! THERE'S A
REAL WAGON TRAIN TO
BE SAVED!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

THERE IT IS,
GUMPTION!

THAT'S A PURTY BIG
TRAIN! RECKON
THERE'S PLENTY OF WOMEN AN'
CHILDREN IN IT! WAAL, I'M SURE
GLAO WE'RE HERE IN TIME!



REMINOS ME OF THE TIME
I WAS WITH A WAGON TRAIN
GOIN' OVER THE ROCKIES
THROUGH LITE PASS! I SEEN
A WHOLE FLOCK OF PAWNEES
LYIN' IN AMBUSH...BUT THAT
DIDNT STOP ME NONE...
WHY, I...

WAGON TRAIN!
AMBUSH! THAT'S
WHAT WE HAVE
TO DO! SPUR
YOUR HOSS,
GUMPTION...WE
HAVE TO COVER
LOTS OF TERRITORY!



SHUCKS! THAT'S RIGHT! I
PLUMB FORGOT ABOUT
MCKETTRICK PLANNIN' TO
AMBUSH THE TRAIN! HOW
COME YOU'RE GOIN' SO
SLOW, DUSTY? A WHOLE
PASSOL OF INNOCENT
FOLK ARE DEPENDIN'
ON US TO SAVE 'EM!



WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR AN HOMBRE
WHO CALLS HIMSELF THOMPSON!

I'M BEN THOMPSON!
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?

WE HAVE
A MESSAGE
FROM YOUR
PARD, MC-
KETTRICK!



YOU SKULKIN' COYOTE! YOU AN' MCKETTRICK ARE BOTH PLANNIN' TO AMBUSH THIS TRAIN, USING ELYN' EAGLE'S WAR PARTY... YOU AN' HIM GET THE VALUABLES, AN' THE SIOUX GET THE SCALPS!

I..I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

JUST A MINUTE, STRANGER..NOT SO FAST!

STAND STILL, OLD TIMER, NO TRICKS!



I'M TOO BURNS, LEADER OF THIS TRAIN! I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY SCOUT, THOMPSON! YOU'D BETTER HAVE PROOF, MISTER!

MUH HANDLE'S DUSTY BALEW, AN' THAT'S GUMPTION JONES! WE WERE TAKEN BY THE SIOUX, AN' ESCAPED! IN THEIR CAMP, WE CAME ACROSS A RENEGADE NAMED MCKETTRICK, WHO IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THOMPSON HERE!



IS THERE ANYTHING TO THIS, THOMPSON?

OF COURSE NOT, MISTER BURNS! THESE GALLOOTS ARE TALKING THROUGH THEIR HATS!



WHY YOU LYIN' WHELP... YOU'RE LYIN' THIS TRAIN TO ITS DEATH, AN' YOU KNOW IT! WHY, I'LL... OHHH...

ENOUGH OF THIS! GET THE WAGONS ROLLIN' AGAIN... AND SECURE THESE TWO HOMBRES IN THE SUPPLY WAGON! WE'LL ATTEND TO THEM LATER!

DUSTY! DUSTY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, BURNS! HE'S THE BEST FRIEND YOU'LL EVER HAVE!



TWEE PASSES, AND DUSTY, HIS HEAD THROBBING PAINFULLY, COMES TO, IN A JOLTING WAGON...

OH, MY ACHING HEAD!

SO, YOU'RE BACK FROM YOUR WOOL GATHERIN'! GOSH, DUSTY... YOU SURE CHARGED IN LIKE A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP! NOW LOOK AT THE MESS WE'RE IN!



RECKON I BOTCHED THIS JOB... BUT I JEST COULDN'T HOLD MY TEMPER WITH THAT RAT-FACED HOMBRE THOMPSON! I GUESS, I MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE... ONLY IT'S A BIGGER ONE THAN THE LAST! I'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT OF THIS, GUMPTION, EVERY TURN OF THE WHEELS BRINGS THIS TRAIN NEARER TO ITS DOOM!



AND AS NIGHT FALLS...

SET THE FOOD
DOWN HERE,
LINDA! I'LL
HANDLE 'EM
NOW!

BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY.
THEY MIGHT TRY
SOMETHING! NEVER CAN TELL
WITH MEN OF THIS SORT!

UMM... THAT
GRUB SMELL
POWERFUL
GOOD!



YOU TWO CAUSED PLenty OF
STIR! LOTS OF FOLKS DON'T LIKE
BEN THOMPSON MUCH! EVEN
TOO BURNS SCARCELY TRUSTS
HIM, BUT YOU SURE LAUNCHED
A POWERFUL CHARGE
AGAINST HIM!

IT'S TRUE, SON...
EVERY WORD
OF IT! DUSTY
BALLEW DON'T
LIE!



THERE! I TOLD
YUH HE WAS
A COYOTE!

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I
BELIEVE YOU! NOW, WHAT'S
TO BE DONE?

YAHOO! I KNEWED
WE'D MAKE SOME-
BODY SEE THE
LIGHT!



NOW LISTEN YOU TWO...
I'M GOIN' TO RELEASE ONE
HAND ON EACH OF YOU,
SO'S YOU CAN STOW AWAY
SOME GRUB! DON'T TRY TO
GET SMART. I'M A MIGHTY
HANDY MAN WITH
THIS IRON!

MISTER, WE'RE SO
HUNGRY THAT WE
DON'T HAVE THE
STRENGTH TO
TRY ANYTHING...
BESIDES, WE'RE
NOT GOIN' ANY-
WHERE, EXCEPT
WHERE THIS TRAIN
LEADS!



WAIT! A MONTH AGO, A
BIG TRAIN WAS ATTACKED
BY SIOUX... AN' COMPLETELY
DESTROYED! BEN THOMPSON
WAS SCOUT WITH THAT
TRAIN!



RIGHT NOW, THEY MUST BE PLANNIN' TOMORROWS
ROUTE! WE'RE PRETTY CLOSE TO THE SIOUX CAMP,
AN' WILL REACH IT BY TOMORROW! YOU, JOHNNY,
INSIST ON TAKIN' A DIFFERENT ROUTE THROUGH
THE TERRITORY... AN' I'LL BET DOLLARS TO DOUGH-
NUTS, THAT BEN THOMPSON INSISTS ON KEEPIN'
TO THE ROUTE HE'S LAID OUT! BECAUSE THE
AMBUSH IS PREPARED ALONG IT!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! BUT NOW, I'M GOIN' TO TRUSS YUH UP AGAIN! I HAVE TO COVER MYSELF, TOO... JUST IN CASE YOU MIGHT NOT BE LEVEL-LIN' WITH ME! BY THE WAY, MY HANDLE'S JOHNNY HUMPHRIES!

THAT'S OKAY WITH US... BUT I JUST KNOW THAT YOU'LL BE BACK AN' SET US FREE! ONE MORE THING, JOHNNY... IF THOMPSON INSISTS, AS I KNOW HE WILL, YOU SCOUT OUT THE TERRITORY... AN' I'LL BET IT'S CRAWLING WITH INJUNS!



TARNATION! AM I GUIDIN' THIS PARTY... OR IS THIS YOUNG SQUIRT? I'M TRYIN' TO SAVE TIME... GOPHER PASS CUTS OFF THIRTY MILES... NOW, IF YOU CAN'T RELY ON MY JUDGEMENT... I QUIT, RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

GENTLE DOWN, BEN! WE AIN'T QUESTIONIN' YOUR JUDGEMENT! YOU BROUGHT US THIS FAR... AN' WE'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU THE REST OF THE WAY! GOPHER PASS IT IS!



JOHNNY... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF... DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU! I LOVE YOU!

LINDA... DARLIN', LINDA!



SOON, AT THE WAGON TRAIN LEADERS' MEETING...

NOW GENTS, WE'LL TAKE THE TRAIN THROUGH GOPHER PASS!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HAWK PASS? I'VE BEEN THROUGH THAT TERRITORY! IT'S BETTER COUNTRY, MORE WATER, AND EASIER TRAVELIN'!

HOW ABOUT THAT, BEN?



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JOHNNY?

ON A SCOUTING PARTY! MEET ME IN THE SUPPLY WAGON WHERE DUSTY AN' GUMPTION ARE TIED UP! I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!



PLEASE COME BACK SAFELY, JOHNNY... PLEASE COME BACK, MY DARLING!



SLOWLY, THE HOURS PASS, AND THE LONG NIGHT SLIPS AWAY! TO THE MEN IN THE SUPPLY WAGON, EACH MINUTE IS ENDLESS... AND MERCIFUL SLEEP OVERCOMES THE WAITING GIRL...

MUST BE NEAR DAWN! JOHNNY SHOULD BE BACK, UNLESS...

HE'S A RUGGED LAD... HE'LL COME THROUGH! LOOK AT HER, POOR GAL... SHE'S TUCKERED OUT!



THEN...

KID, I KNEW YOU'D MAKE IT! WHAT'S THE WORD?

GOPHER PASS IS ALIVE WITH SIOUX! HE'S LEADING US INTO A DEATH TRAP!

DUSTY, WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! WE'LL BE AT GOPHER PASS BEFORE NOON!



ALL RIGHT! GIT THIS RAWHIDE OFF OUR HANDS, JOHNNY, AND LISTEN... I HAVE A PLAN! YOU, GUMPTION AN' ME ARE GOING TO UPSET THIS LITTLE APPLE CART! WE'LL MAKE THE INJUNS REVEAL THEMSELVES! THIS'LL WARN THE TRAIN... YOLL LINDA, RIDE TO FORT REYNOLDS, AN' GET THE SOLDIERS! BRING 'EM STRAIGHT TO GOPHER PASS!



GOOD! I'LL GET YOUR HORSE AN' GUNS! START RIDIN' LINDA, THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!

YES, JOHNNY!



SOME MINUTES LATER, JOHNNY SECURES THE HORSES AND WEAPONS...

LINDA JUST ROODE OUT! WE'D BETTER PUT GROUND BETWEEN US AN' THE WAGONS! THE WHOLE CAMP'LL BE STIRRIN' SOON!



RIDING HARD, THE MEN SOON REACH GOPHER PASS, AND...

OVER YONDER ARE THE SIOUX!

KEEP LOW! PICK YOUR TARGETS, AN' WHEN THE WAGON TRAIN MOVES INTO VIEW, OPEN FIRE! GIVE THE TRAIN PLENTY OF TIME TO GET SET FOR DEFENSE!

SHECKS, I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE THE BATTLE OF ODBE WELLS, GOT SIXTEEN OF THE VARMINTS MYSELF THAT DAY!



JOHNNY, I'D SAY THAT GUMPTION'S GIVEN TO EXAGGERATION! WOULDN'T YOU?

NOT EXACTLY... I RECKON HE JEST STRETCHES THE TRUTH A MITE... THAT'S ALL!

WHY YOU... YOU...



MEANWHILE, WITH THE WAGON TRAIN...

TOD! THE PRISONERS ARE GONE!

WHAT? WHERE'S JOHNNY HUMPHRIES?



HE'S GONE TOO, AN' SO IS LINDA HAYES!

THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE! WHAT DO YOU THINK, BEN?

I DONNO! I NEVER DID TRUST THAT JOHNNY HUMPHRIES! AS FOR BALLEW AN' JONES... WE SHOULD'VE STRUNG 'EM TO THE NEAREST TREE!



WAAL, WE CAN'T DO NOTHING ABOUT IT NOW! BUT SOMEDAY, WEBBE THEY'LL CROSS OUR PATH AGAIN! KEEP A SHARP EYE PEELED.. WE'RE ALMOST AT GOPHER PASS, NOW!



AND AS THE ANXIOUS TIME DRAGS ON, THE THREE MEN IN WHOSE HANDS RESTS THE FATE OF THE WAGON TRAIN WAIT FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THEY CAN STRIKE MOST EFFECTIVELY...

BETTER GET INTO POSITION, I SEE THE FIRST WAGONS NOW!

OKAY, GUNNAP! GOOD LUCK, ALL HANDS! REMEMBER, FIRE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

I SHOR HOPE THAT LINDA COMES BACK WITH THE SOLDIERS IN TIME!



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF GOPHER PASS...

DID I KEEP MY WORD, FLYING EAGLE? THAR IT IS, AS LARGE AS LIFE ITSELF... THE BIGGEST WAGON TRAIN YOU EVER SAW! I TOLD YOU MY MAN THOMPSON WOULD DELIVER THEM TO YOUR DOORSTEP!

YES, MCKETTRICK... YOU SPOKE WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE, AND BY SUNDOWN, MANY SCALPS WILL ADORN THE TEE-PEES OF MY WARRIORS!



ANOTHER FEW MINUTES, MY WARRIORS... AND YOU CAN KILL PALEFACES LIKE THE GRASS DIES ON THE PRAIRIES UNDER THE BLAZING SUN!



FOR AN ETERNITY, THE TENSE FINGERS OF THE THREE MEN CURL AROUND THEIR TRIGGERS...AND THEN...

NOW, FIRE!

YAHOO! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!



WITH COMPLETE SURPRISE, THE INDIANS ARE TAKEN BY THE COUNTER AMBUSH...

STAND FAST MY WARRIORS, STAND FAST! WHAT HAPPENED MCKETTRICK, IS THIS A TRAP?

NO! ON MY HONOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GONE WRONG!



THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS WARNS THE ONCOMING COLUMN...

HALT! THERE'S FIRING IN THE PASS AHEAD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BEN?

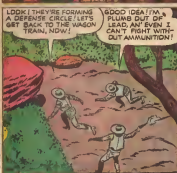
SOMETHIN'S GONE WRONG!

I DON'T KNOW! MEBBE I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



LOOK! THEY'RE FORMING A DEFENSE CIRCLE! LET'S GET BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN, NOW!

GOOD IDEA! I'M PLUMB OUT OF LEAD, AN' EVEN I CAN'T FIGHT WITH-OUT AMMUNITION!



I'LL BE BACK!

CLOSE UP THE WAGONS! FORM A CIRCLE! EVERY MAN TO HIS STATION!



AFTER A WILD CHASE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...

IT'S JOHNNY, DUSTY BALLEW AN' GUMPTION JONES!

INJUNS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM! THEY HAD AN AMBUSH PLANNED IN THE PASS!



QUICKLY JOHNNY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO TOO.

DUSTY, NOW
CAN I ASK
YUH TO FOR-
GIVE ME? I'M
REAL STUPID!

FORGET IT, TOO! THAT CAN HAPPEN
TO ANYONE... BUT I SURE WISH
YOU HADN'T LET THAT RAT, BEN
THOMPSON, SLIP OUT OF YOUR
HANDS! I'D LIKE TO SETTLE
WITH HIM!



I RECKON IT'S UP TO ME TO
SETTLE WITH HIM, DUSTY! I
TRUSTED HIM, AN' THE LIVES
OF ALL THE FOLKS IN THIS
TRAIN WERE IN HIS HAND!
HE BETRAYED US, DUSTY..
AN' I KNOW NO
CRIME WORSEN
TREASON! SO THAT'S
WHY IT'S UP TO
ME, DUSTY!



AND BACK IN THE AMBUSH...

I DONNO! SOME-
BODY OPENED
FIRE ON US, JUST BEFORE
WE WERE SET TO ATTACK...
IT WARNED THE TRAIN! NOW,
WE HAVE A REAL BATTLE
ON OUR HANDS!

WHAT HAPPENED,
BEN?

FIRE ON US, JUST BEFORE
WE WERE SET TO ATTACK...
IT WARNED THE TRAIN! NOW,
WE HAVE A REAL BATTLE
ON OUR HANDS!



THIS IS FLYING EAGLE,
CHIEF OF THE SIOUX!
HERE IS MY FRIEND,
BEN THOMPSON!

THE TIME FOR WORDS
IS PAST! MY WARRIORS
THIRST FOR ACTION! WE
WILL ATTACK THE
WAGONS!



OH, MY WARRIORS!
THE TIME IS NOW!
ASK FOR NO MERCY,
AND GIVE NONE!
FORWARD!



UTTERING THEIR BLOOD CHILLING WAR CRIES, THE
SIOUX, BOLDEST FIGHTERS OF PLAINS, SWEEP
DOWN ON THE WAGON TRAIN, TO BE MET BY
THE DETERMINED RESISTANCE OF THE PIONEERS...



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SIOUX CHARGE, FIRING VOLLEYS OF FLAMING ARROWS...

LOOK, DUSTY!
THE AMMUNITION
WAGON!

QUICK, GUMPTION...
BEFORE IT EXPLODES!



WHAT DO YOU
AIM TO DO, DUSTY?

GET THIS WAGON ROLLIN',
PUSH HARD, GUMPTION...
YOU'LL SEE!



AS A GROUP OF INDIAN HORSE-
MEN CHARGE FORWARD...

PUSH!

YAHOO! WHAT
AN IDEA!



WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR,
THE AMMUNITION WAGON EX-
PLODES AMONG THE ON-
RUSHING INDIANS...



GOOD WORK, MEN! BUT THAT AM-
MUNITION WAGON GOING UP
LEAVES US IN A BAD SPOT! ALL
THE BULLETS WE HAVE ARE IN
OUR BELTS!

I RECKON THE
INDJNS KNOW IT, TOO!
THEY'LL BE REFORMIN'
FOR ANOTHER CHARGE!



HYAR THEY COME!
MAKE EVERY
SHOT COUNT!



HERE'S OUR BIG CHANCE,
FLYING EAGLE! THOMPSON
TELLS ME THAT WAS
THEIR AMMUNITION
WAGON!

GOOD! NOW WE
WILL DESTROY
THEM!





SAVE YOUR BULLETS
UNTIL THE LAST
MOMENT, MEN!

AN' WHEN YOUR
BULLETS ARE GONE..
FIGHT 'EM TOOTH
AN' NAIL!



SOLDIERS! WE HAVE BEEN
BETRAYED!

ND...
FLYING
EAGLE!



DIE, PALEFACE
DOGS! YOU HAVE
TRICKED ME!

DON'T LET ANY OF 'EM
GET AWAY! ROUND 'EM
UP!



IF I HAVE TO GO..
I'M TAKIN' YOU
WITH ME, FLYING
EAGLE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, MY
WARRIORS.. RUN FOR YO...
AAAH!



LATER.. AFTER THE BATTLE, WHEN
THE TROOPS HAVE SCATTERED
THE REMNANTS OF THE SIOUX
WARRIORS...

WHA! IT'S ALL
OVER, BOYS..
AN' THANKS TO
YOU WE'VE
COME OUT..
ON TOP!

THERE'S JOHNNY,
AN' LINDA, TO
THANK ALSO,
TODD.. EVEN
FLYIN' EAGLE
FOR DOIN' AWAY
WITH THOMPSON
AN' MCKETRICK!

TWASNT A BAD
SCRAP! COME RIGHT
UP TO THE BEST I'VE
HAD IN MY DAY!



DUSTY, WHY DON'T YOU AN'
GUMPTION, STAY ON THE TRAIN!
WE'LL BE GOIN' ALL THE WAY
TO CALIFORNIA!

PLEASE,
DUSTY, STAY
WITH US!



SORRY, FOLKS! WE
DONE WHAT WE HAD
TO.. BUT THERE'S A
LOT OF THINGS LEFT.
SO ME AN' GUMPTION
WILL JEST MOSEY
ALONG.. YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT FROM
HERE ON OUT!

YEP! WE
KIND OF
FIGURED
THAT MEB-
BE THERE'S
OTHER
FOLKS THAT
NEED OUR
HELP!

Scoop!



Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
All for one low price of only \$2.98!

\$2.98



ROLL OF FILM INCLUDED WITH CAMERA

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the exceptionally low price of only \$2.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big 12-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and hard-earned, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life—clear and sharp—before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling! Fun such as you've never known before.

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UNBRIDLED FURY

*Old Jim's reign as sheriff was over . . . until
He trapped the killer no one dared to oppose!*

○ LD Sheriff Jim Cumby had his hands full. Not only was the younger element in Brewster County getting out of hand, but the oldsters, instead of putting the blame on their own shoulders for having such wild descendants, were gathering in little knots on the street corners and talking about electing a younger, more up-to-date sheriff to go with the times!

But that wasn't all. Old Jim was having troubles at home, too. Just that morning at breakfast, he found his pretty redheaded niece, Gail, in tears as she implored him to arrest Bud Lassister before he killed her fiancé, Dick Morrow.

Gail was the apple of Old Jim's eye and he always found it tough to refuse her anything, but this morning he had to say, "Look, Honey, I can't just go out and throw Bud Lassister in jail on mere hearsay. The law won't let me."

Gail threw down her napkin in a fury. "What more proof do you need, Uncle Jim? Bud was courting me at the same time that Dick was. And when Dick won out, fair and square, Bud said he'd get even if it was his last act on earth. And he will, too. He'll find some pretext for shooting Dick down in cold blood and get off scot free, just like he did with Sam Letter."

Sheriff Cumby scratched his bald head. The unsolved murder of Sam Letter was one of the things that hurt his record and his pride. There was no question but what there was bad blood between Letter and Bud Lassister over the sale of some cattle. But the killing occurred on the streets of Brewster at night and there were three men, cronies of Bud's who swore that Bud never even drew his gun from his holster. Nobody could be found who saw Bud draw his gun. So the case never even came to trial.

Gail must have seen how her thrust about Sam Letter hurt old Jim, for her face softened and she got up and put her arm about his shoulder. "Uncle Jim, I didn't mean any reflection on you about the murder of Sam Letter, but Bud had threatened him, you know that, and surely you should do something before it is too late. Please, please, Uncle Jim. I love Dick Morrow with all my heart, and we're going to be married soon. Please."

Sheriff Cumby squirmed nervously in his chair. "See here, Gail," he said. "Have you talked with Dick Morrow about this? Does he want me to try



to have Bud Lassister put under a peace bond?"

"Why, of course I haven't talked to Dick," she exclaimed. "You know how men are. He wouldn't want people to think he was afraid."

Sheriff Cumby heaved a big sigh of relief and smiled. "Well, now, there you are. Unless Dick Morrow, himself, will swear that he thinks his life is in danger from Bud Lassister, the law wouldn't let me put him under a bond to keep the peace. It says plain as day that . . ."

But Gail was in no mood for technicalities. With her hands on her hips, she faced her uncle with flashing eyes. "The law, the law! You men! What do you care if there's a killing and some woman gets her heart broken forever? Well, I care. And I much prefer a live husband to a dead hero any day!"



Sheriff Cumby muttered something about seeing what he could do. And he was glad to leave for his office. As he drove his horse and buggy to town, he set to thinking. The easiest way out was to resign before he got kicked out at the election which was to be held the first Tuesday of next month. The way people talked about his being outmoded, he knew he didn't have a chance of beating young Fred Nerley, who had never even been a deputy, but who understood how to get votes. Still, Sheriff Cumby knew he needed the income from the sheriff's office to help support Gail and his aged sister. And then there was the thought of Gail's fearful unhappiness tugging at his heart. He heaved another big sigh.

The Double Bar X Ranch that belonged to Bud Lassister and his father was a big spread that lay about two miles off the main highway to town. Sheriff Cumby decided to have a talk with Bud Lassister.

Bud and his father, a tough, hard-hitten man, were both on horseback about a mile from their ranch house supervising repairs on their barbed wire fence.

"Whoa! Howdy folks?" said Sheriff Cumby, pulling his fat brown mare to a halt.

Bud and his father moved their horses closer to the wire that separated them from the sheriff and eyed him curiously with a glint in their eyes.

"Just thought I'd drive by and see how yon folks were making out," went on the Sheriff. "Grass looks good this year and your cattle fat andassy."

Bud Lassister's father never minced words. "Get to the point, Sheriff, what's on your mind?"

"Well, it's a little family trouble I'm having with my niece. I don't hold she's right in the choice she made between Bud and Dick Morrow, but she's sick with fear that there's going to be trouble between you two, Bud. Says you threatened to get Dick, whatever that means."

Bud's handsome blond face was spoiled a little by thin tight lips, and the cruel smile that parted them now was not a pleasant thing to see. "You can tell Gail for me, Sheriff, that a woman makes a big mistake when she chooses a man that's not man enough to protect her and himself."

"Aw, now, I wouldn't say that," said Sheriff Cumby.

"Well, I would," said Bud, his thin lips in a straight line again, "but you can also tell Gail that I'm a good sport and a good loser and that if Dick Morrow keeps out of my way, I'll keep out of his."

The sheriff would have liked a little more friendly message to take to Gail, but at this point the conversation with Bud was interrupted by a whirring sound of prairie easterbats. Bud's horse gave a sharp snort and reared high on his hind legs, nostrils dilated with fear. The next instant, however, three shots rang out in quick succession and the head of a coiled rattler that had resented the nearness of Bud's horse, became a bloody, tangled mass.

The sheriff's mouth came upon and he stared with frank admiration on the quick, deadly skill of Bud's gun-hand.

"Nice shooting, Bud," said Sheriff Cumby.

"Yeah," said Bud's father. "We Lassisters never miss. Come on, Bud, we got work to do."

He turned his horse and rode away, followed by Bud.

On the way to his office, the Sheriff had mixed emotions. It warmed him to think that he had reassuring news from Bud to Gail and yet he felt uneasy when he thought of what might happen to any man who tried to shoot it out with Bud Lassister. For never in all his life had he seen anything quite as quick as the lightning draw of Bud's gun hand. It seemed as if Bud hadn't even made a draw at all!

But Gail's joy at her uncle's message from Bud was destined to be short-lived. For less than ten days later, she and Dick went to a picnic dance. It was at night and the dance floor was in a clearing in the woods. She had been happy all evening in Dick Morrow's arms. Bud had not even appeared on the dance floor, although toward the shank of the

evening she glimpsed him and his gang of friends, hanging about in the shadow of the trees.

It was just before the last dance, when Dick excused himself for a moment and stepped off the dance floor. The next thing she heard was loud voices, which she recognized as belonging to Bud and Dick, then two shots in quick succession. A few moments later, Dick's body was brought to the light of the dance floor by his friends. But not one of Dick's friends could swear that Bud Lassister had even drawn his gun! There had been a quarrel, which Bud had picked, but the place was dark and the actual killer of Dick Morrow escaped unidentified. Was it Bud, or one of his friends? There were no witnesses and not much comment.

Sheriff Cumby lost no time getting on the case, but it didn't do much good. Nobody had seen Bud Lassister draw his gun much less shoot it. Neither did the sheriff's political opponents lose any time making capital out of the old sheriff's fruitless efforts to find the killer of popular Dick Morrow. Folks said four days before election that Ford Neeley was as good as elected.

Sheriff Cumby felt old and worn out despite the fact that neither Ford Neeley nor anybody else could suggest any clue that might lead to the murderer. He sat late in his office ashamed to go home and face his hearthbroken niece, Gail. To comfort himself, he warmed his self-esteem over the memories of the past. Then, suddenly, he sat straight up in his swivel chair. By Jupiter, why hadn't he thought of that before. The Half-Breed Holster, of course! That was how Bud Lassister could kill a man and yet get his friends or hystanders to swear they never even saw him draw his gun.

Sheriff Cumby squared his shoulders and stuck out his chin. In a short while he formed a posse of Dick Morrow's friends, told them what he believed, and two nights before election led his posse out to the Double Bar X Ranch and placed Bud Lassister under arrest. Then he searched the place and came up with the proof he was seeking—a Half-Breed Holster, like in the good old days! A holster in which the gun barrel protruded so that a man could shoot from the hip, as the holster, fastened with one big rivet to his gun belt, swung up and down at will.

"No wonder, Bud Lassister, nobody ever saw you draw your gun to kill. You didn't have to. Your holster was open at the bottom with the gun barrel sticking through. You killed Dick Morrow, just as you killed Sam Letter and that rattlesnake!"

Sheriff Cumby is still sheriff of Brewster County, because the voters felt that nobody but an old timer would have ever thought of the Half-Breed Holster to hang Bud Lassister.



HERE IT IS!

ROMANCE WITH ALL THE FURY OF A ROARING SIX-GUN!..

LOVE IN THE WIDE
OPEN SPACES WHERE
THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE
SKY... RUGGED MEN AND
UNTAMED WOMEN WITH
LOVE IN THEIR HEARTS
AND GUNS ON THEIR HIPs...

THRILL TO THEIR REAL STORIES, IN

Real WEST
ROMANCES

Real WEST ROMANCES

NOW ON
SALE!

52 PAGES OF
REAL LIFE COMICS

HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE SAYING
ABOUT THE NEW SWEETHEART OF COMICS?...

WOW!
WHAT A

ON SALE AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND

52 PAGES
OF REAL
ENTERTAINMENT!



She's that
gorgeous
amazon of
the ozarks--
a super-
duper athlete
whose skills
will astound
you...

You can't
help loving
BABE--you
can't stop
LAUGHING
at mammy
and pappy
and BABE!

BLACK BULL BULLDOGS A BANDIT



WHEN RAKESHELL CRIME BLAZES IN THE OLD WEST BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF EASY-GOING DALE DARCY, HIS FAITHFUL BULLDOG 'GRIPPER' GRABS A CLUE OR TWO UNTIL THE BLACK BULL CAN HIT THE TRAIL AND BRING THE GUNSMOKED OUTLAWS TO HANGROPE JUSTICE.

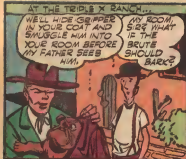
ESBERT, THE DARCY ENGLISH BUTLER, MEETS DALE AT THE GULCH CITY DEPOT.

HOWDY, ESBERT! HOW'S EVERYTHING?

AWFUL, TERRIBLE, MR. DALE. YOUR FATHER IS VERY ANGRY THAT YOU STAYED AWAY SO LONG.

HOLD MY BAG, ESBERT, WHILE I INTRODUCE YOU TO MY NEW FRIEND, GRIPPER.

MY WORD! YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER REFUSES TO HAVE A DOG ON THE RANCH.



AT THE TRIPLE X RANCH...

WE'LL HIDE GRIPPER
IN YOUR COAT AND
SMUGGLE HIM INTO
YOUR ROOM BEFORE
MY FATHER SEES
HIM.

MY ROOM,
SIR? WHAT
IF THE
BRUTE
SHOULD
BARK?



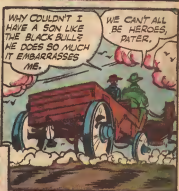
DON'T WORRY, EGBERT. IF
HE BARKS,
SIT ON
HIM.

SIT ON HIM?
MY WORD!



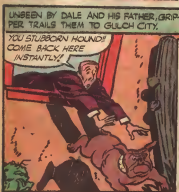
YOUR FATHER WISHES
YOU TO DRIVE HIM
TO TOWN, SIR,
AT ONCE.

KEEP GRIPPER
IN YOUR ROOM



WHY COULDN'T I
HAVE A SON LIKE
THE BLACK BULL?
HE DOES SO MUCH
IT EMBARRASSES
ME.

WE CAN'T ALL
BE HEROES,
PATER.



UNSEEN BY DALE AND HIS FATHER, GRIPPER
TRAELS THEM TO GULCH CITY.

YOU STUBBORN HOUND!
COME BACK HERE
INSTANTLY!



I WANT YOU TO GO
INTO THE BANK WITH
ME WHILE I DRAW
THE RANCH'S PAYROLL.
AND NO LOAFING
AROUND TOWN,
D'Y'HEAR?

WHATEVER YOU
SAY, PATER. BUT
I DID WANT TO
SHOOT A LITTLE
POOL.

BUT MASKED BANDITS HAVE
CLEANED OUT THE BANK.



GRIPPER BRINGS DALE A PIECE
OF THE BANDIT'S PANTS LEG.

THANKS, GRIPPER!
THIS IS A PRETTY
GOOD CLUE!

MEN, I GOT
TO HAVE A
POSSE TO
HUNT THEM BAN-
DITS!



THE BANK'S PLUMB
CLEANED OUT. NO
MONEY FOR MY
PAYROLL. WHY
DON'T YOU JOIN THE
POSSE, YOU LOAFER?
WHERE'D THAT FILTHY
HOUND COME
FROM?

RIDING WITH
THE POSSE IS
DANGEROUS!
YOU DON'T WANT
YOUR ONLY
SON HURT, DO
YOU? GO
AWAY, DOG!



BACK AT THE TRIPLE X RANCH...

I'M GLAD I BROUGHT
MY BLACK BULL
DISGUISE WITH
ME.



WHY, JUST TELL MY
FATHER I'M ASLEEP
AND BE SURE YOU
HOLD GRIPPER THIS
TIME, EGBERT.

VERY GOOD, SIR,
AND I HOPE
YOU APPREHEND
THE BANDITS,
MR. DALE.



THE BANK BANDITS CACHE THE STOLEN MONEY IN THEIR CAVE HIDEOUT.

THAT LAZY SHERIFF'LL NEVER TAKE THIS ROUGH TRAIL!

NAW! AND HE'D NEVER GUESS WERE GOING TO HOLD UP ANOTHER TRAIN...AND NO MISTAKES THIS TIME!



GEE, MATT YOU'RE SMART TO HAVE AN EXTRY PAIR OF PANTS. YOU THINK OFF EVERYTHING!

LIKE I TOLD YOU, PARD. Y'GOTTA USE YOUR HEAD IN THIS BUSINESS.



PUT 'EM UP!! IF YOU FELLOWS EVER USED YOUR HEADS YOU'D NEVER HAVE BEEN BANDITS!

BLACK BULL!! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM??



NEVER MIND WHERE I CAME FROM...YOU'RE GOING TO MEET THE SHERIFF'S POSSE!.



THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE FIND A COLD TRAIL!

I NEVER SEEN THE BEAT OF IT! THOSE BANDITS JEST CLEAN DISAPPEARED!

YEAH--AND IT'S GETTIN' LATE. MIGHT AS WELL TURN BACK, I RECKON.



YOU MIND SHERIFF TAKING CHARGE OF THESE TWO ORNERY HOMBRE? I HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE AIMIN' TO ROB THE TRAIN AGAIN. I'LL LOOK INTO IT!

WELL, I SWAN! THE BLACK BULL'S DONE IT AGAIN!



MEANWHILE ABOARD THE TRAIN...

OKAY, FOLKS, THIS IS A STICK-UP. JUST PUT ALL YOUR MONEY AND VALUABLES IN THIS HAT AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT.



YOU'LL WAKE UP IN A COZY JAIL CELL, BANDIT.



REALIZING THE JIG IS UP, THE BANDITS TRY TO FLEE, BUT THE BLACK BULL IS TOO FAST FOR THEM!



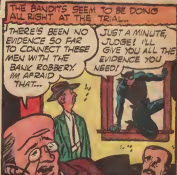
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!



THE BANDITS SEEM TO BE DONE ALL RIGHT AT THE TRIAL...

THERE'S BEEN NO EVIDENCE SO FAR TO CONNECT THESE MEN WITH THE BANK ROBBERY. I'M AFRAID THAT...

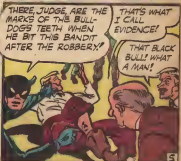
JUST A MINUTE, JUDGE! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED!



THERE, JUDGE, ARE THE MARKS OF THE BULL-DOG'S TEETH WHEN HE BIT THIS BANDIT AFTER THE ROBBERY!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL EVIDENCE!

THAT BLACK BULL! WHAT A MAN!



HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

REDUCE

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO! your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!



More Up-Lift and Hold-In Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daintily feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!

Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

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The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and fattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmest down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order corset 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsman. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 25

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Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$2.98 in size and style check.

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I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL!

STOP SQUIRMING, YOU MAL HOMBRE, AND I WEE! SAVE YOU FROM THE DEATH YOU REALLY DESERVE!

THE LAZO KID

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE OUR GAY VAQUERO, THE LAZO KID, AND HIS SIDE-KICK, YOUNG PEDRO, RESCUE INNOCENT MEN FROM A PHONY HOOSECOW, BUT AN OUTRAGED FATHER'S VENGEANCE PLUNGES THE FAKE JAILER TO THE BLOODTHIRSTY TUSKS OF...

WILD HOGS ON THE BORDER!

HELP, HELP...
SAVE ME, LAZO,
SAVE ME!

NO, LAZO, NOT IF MY
SHOOTIN' EYE CAN BULLET-
SNIBE THAT ROPE!

RIDING ALONG ON THE TEXAS SIDE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER, THE LAZO KID AND PEDRO NOTE A STRANGE SIGHT NEAR A JAIL COMPOUND...

♪ OH, ZEE TEXAS MOON, SHE SHINES TONIGHT
ON ZEE RIO GRANDE AND MY LOVE, ♪ ♪
♪ SHE SEES ZEE MOON AND THEEINKS
OF ME ...

LOOK QUEEK,
LAZO, ZEE MOON WILL NOT
SHINE SOME MORE BECAUSE
ZEE EARTH, SHE IS COMING
TO AN END...

OKAY, TIM, WE'VE MADE IT. WE'VE DUG
OURSELVES OUT OF THAT HOLE
OF A JAIL. HURRY.

YOU BET DAD... AND JUST
WAIT UNTIL THE SHERIFF
HEARS ABOUT THE
TREATMENT THAT PHONY
JAILER SAVE US.

I HOPE NOBODY LET OUR WILD
HOSS OUT OF THE CORRAL WHILE
WE WERE IN PRISON!

WE'LL SOON FIND
OUT, BOY!

NOT SO FAST MY JAIL-BIRD
FRANS! TO COME OUT OF
ZEE EARTH LIKE PRAIRIE
DOG LOOK LIKE JAIL-
BREAK TO ME!

HEY WHAT
IS THIS,
DAD?

WHAT
THE?

BUT I TELL YOU,
WEX, YO'RE MAKIN'
A MIGHTY BIG
MISTAKE! I'M
HONEST AND
SO IS MY
BOY TIM!

YEAH, IT'S THAT
FAKE JAILER,
THAT'S CROOKED!

SORREE, SEN-
ORS, BUT YOU
WEE' HAVE
TO CONVINCE
ZEE SHERIFF!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

YOU DIDN'T KNOW THESE
MEN, LAZO, SO YOU DID
THE RIGHT THING TO BRING THEM IN, BUT THEY'RE
GOOD CITIZENS!

SO SORREE, SENORS, I
MAKE SUCH BEEG MISTAKE!

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE

SO YOU SEE, SHERIFF, THIS
MAL HOMBRE, LORT MOLAR,
IS HOLING THE REAL JAILER
AND HIS DAUGHTER PRISONERS,
WHILE HE THROWS NTO THE
HOOSEGOW ANYBODY
THAT OPPOSES HIM!

YEAH, JUST
BECAUSE WE
WOULDN'T LET
HIM HAVE
OUR HOG
CORRAL FOR
HIS CATTLE, HE
THREW DAO AND
ME INTO THE
CLINK!

YOU BOYS BETTER COME IN TO CHANGE YOUR
CLOTHES... WHAT'S THIS HOMBRE LORT MOLAR
DOING IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS?

HE'S SWIS-
GLING THEM ACROSS THE
RIO GRANDE FROM MEXICO!
KEEPS THEM ON A LITTLE
ISLAND RIGHT ACROSS
FROM HOG CORRAL!

I'M SWEARING YOU IN AS MY POSSE! THE REAL JAILER OUT
THERE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, DON'T WANT TO GIVE HIM ANY
MORE UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY THAN POSSIBLE FOR
HAVING LOST HIS JAIL!

TIM AND I ARE
RARING TO GO, SHERIFF! BUT
WE'LL HAVE TO TRICK THAT
HOMBRE MOLAR! HE'S GOT
ENOUGH AMMUNITION TO
STAND A SEIGE!

I THEENK
I KNOW A
WAY TO
FOOL THIS
SENOR WO-
LAR, SHERIFF!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE LAZO KID AND THE SHERIFF'S POSSE ARRIVE AT THE HOLE THROUGH WHICH WALT AND TIM ESCAPED...



BUT LAZO, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY ROPE THAT JAILER, LORT MOLAR THROUGH THE BARS OF YOUR CELL?

SI, SENOR SHERIFF, THE LAZO KID CAN ROPE THROUGH A KEYHOLE IF HE'S ROPE ESS THIN ENOUGH!

AND WHEN I HAVE ROPED THEES JAILER, MOLAR, THEN TIM WILL COME BACK HERE THROUGH ZEE HOLE AND GEEV YOU ZEE WORD!



ADIOS, SENORES... SEE YOU SOON, I HOPE!



IF THE LAZO KID CAN CARRY OUT THIS PLAN, IT BEATS ANYTHING I EVER HEARD OF!

YOU SAID IT, SHERIFF! BEATS A SIX-SUN... MUCH LESS DANGER! I HOPE MY BOY TIM DOESN'T GET HURT, THOUGH!

DO NOT WORREE, SENOR! WITH LAZO, I AM ALWAYS SAFE!



WE ARE NEARLY THERE NOW, LAZO!

GOOD BOY TIM... WHEN WE GET THERE, YOU MUST LET ME GO IN ZEE CELL... YOU MUST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



SLOWLY AND QUIETLY LAZO RAISES THE STONE BLOCK THROUGH WHICH TIM AND HIS FATHER ESCAPED...



HEY, JAILER, O-O-OH! COME QUEEK, I AM SO SEEK... PLEASE... QUEEK!



STOP MAKING ALL THAT
NOISE, YOU MEX!
WHATTA YOU WANT?
SHIC!

PLEASE, SENOR MOLAR,
A GREENK OF WHISKEY
FOR THE GREAT AN-
GUISH I HAVE IN
MY STOMACH...
O-O-O-OH!

SAY, YOU GOTTA A RINWIDE NERVE,
YOU MEX, ASKING FOR MY EXPENSIVE
WHISKEY! NOTHING DOIN' AND NEXT
TIME DONT EAT SO MUCH!

COME
BACK,
SENOR,
PLEASE!



THE LAZO KID LIBERATES LEN PARLEY, THE REAL
JAILER, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, NORETTA.

GRACIAS, SENOR, MY
FATHER IS SO ASHAMED
THAT HE LOST CONTROL
OF HIS JAIL... PLEASE
KEEP OUR SECRET!

YOUR SECRET IS
SAFE WITH ME,
SEÑORITA. BUT
YOUR FATHER DO
WRONG, SO EES
CAUSE FOR
SHAME!



WELL, WELL, LAZO,
I MUST TAKE MY
HAT OFF TO YOU!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE
YOU FOR A
DEPUTY!

IS HE NOT
A MOST
WONDERFUL
MAN?

ROPING A MAIL HOMBRE
THROUGH THE BARS
OF A JAIL CELL... HOW
ON EARTH DID YOU
DO IT?

IT IS JUST
A LITTLE TWIST
OF THE WREST,
SEÑORES!



AS FOR YOU,
FRIEND PARLEY,
DON'T LET IT
GET YOU
DOWN. IT
HAPPENED
TO ME
ONCE!

THANK YOU,
SHERIFF. BUT
WHAT WORRIES
ME MOST IS
THAT THIS FAKER,
MOLAR, TURNED
LOOSE FIFTEEN
DESPERATE CRIM-
INALS I HAD
LOCKED UP HERE
FOR CATTLE STEALING.
CALLS THEM HIS
ARMY!

SO, I'LL JUST TAKE THIS
ONERY LOBO OVER TO MY
JAIL IN EAGLE PASS FOR
SAFE KEEPING... HE'S WANTED
THERE FOR CATTLE RUST-
LING ANYHOW!

IT'S A
LIE, SHERIFF! I ONLY
BRING CATTLE FROM
MEXICO INTO TEXAS!
AND MY MEN WILL
RESCUE ME FROM
ANY JAIL!

THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE AND BE
CAREFUL, SHERIFF! THIS MAIL HOMBRE
AND HIS MEN ARE DANGEROUS!



I'VE JUST
GOT TO
KISS YOU
GOODBYE,
LAZO!

HEY, SEÑORITA,
DON'T FORGET
THAT LAZO
AND ME ARE
PARTNERS!
WE SHARE
PEFFTY-PEFFTY
IN EVERYTHING!

WHY, CERTAINLY, YOU
CUTE LITTLE BOY,
YOU!

AW
SLUSH!
LET'S GET
GOIN'!



MOLAR'S PARTNER, CAMINO, AND THEIR BAND OF
CATTLE THIEVES LOCK DOWN ON MOLAR BEING
TAKEN TO JAIL...

SACRAMENTA! LOOK DOWN
THERE, HOMBRES! WE HAVE
COME BACK JUST IN TIME
TO RESCUE THE BOSS!

YEAH, CAMINO, AND
IT'LL BE EASY! WE
OUTNUMBER THEM
THREE TO ONE!



OUTNUMBERED, THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE
FIGHT A REAR GUARD ACTION WITH THE
BANDITS...

OW!
THEY GOT ME IN THE
ARM... BETTER
SCATTER MEN
AND MEET AT
MY OFFICE LATER!



HURRY, PEDRO, OR
THE BANDIT!
WILL GET YOUR
GOAT!

MORE BAD LUCK,
LAZO. I JUST LOST
MY PRISONER, I
THEENK!



HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE BANDITS,
LAZO AND HIS FRIENDS MEET
LATER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

NOW HERE'S THE
PLAN, MEN... WALT,
YOU AND YOUR
SON GO ON OUT
TO YOUR HOG
RANCH... LAZO,
YOU PROTECT
THEM AS
BEST YOU
CAN UNTIL I GET
THERE WITH A
BIG POSSE!

MAKE IT QUICK
AS YOU CAN,
SHERIFF 'CAUSE
I'M SURE THEM
HOMBRES ARE
GOIN' TO TRY TO
GET MY HOG
CORRAL FOR
THEIR SMUGGLED
CATTLE TONIGHT!



WELL, MOLAR,
WE RESCUED
YOU JUST IN
TIME TO GET
OUR CATTLE
ACROSS!

YOU BET AND
TONIGHT WE
TAKE THAT HOG
CORRAL AWAY
FROM KELSEY!



THIS IS YOUR LAST
CHANCE, KELSEY!
LET THEM RAZOR
BACKS OUT OF
OUR CORRAL
AND LET MY
COWS IN OR
TAKE THE
CONSEQUENCES!

LOOK, MOLAR! MY
BOY TIM AND
ME WORKED
LIKE DOGS POP-
PIN' THEM HOSS
OUT OF THE BRUSH...
AND THE ONLY
WAY YOU'RE A-
GOIN' TO SCATTER
'EM AGAIN IS OVER
MY DEAD BODY!



OKAY,
KELSEY.
YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

THAT'LL LEARN YOU
NOT TO SASS
YORE BETTERS,
KELSEY!



YORE NOT ORY
BEHIND THE EARS
YET, KID... GET IN
THERE AND SHOO
THEM HOSS OUT!
GIVE ME A
HAND, CAMINO!

NO NO, MR.
MOLAR! DON'T
SHOVE ME
INTO THAT
CORRAL...
THOSE WILD
HOSS WILL
TUSK ME TO
DEATH!



HAW! YOU DON'T HAVE TO
OPEN THE GATE IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO, KID... CAMINO AND
I WILL PITCH YOU OVER
THE FENCE! HAW! HAW!



HELP, HELP,
HELP!

HA, HA, HA! THIS IS REAL COMICAL,
MOLAR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WAS A COMEDIAN!



SERVES THE KID RIGHT FOR BEING
SKEERED TO DEATH! TAIN'T NO
DANGER IN RUNNING THEM HOGS
OUT OF THAT
CORRAL...WATCH!

CAREFUL, MOLAR,
THEM RAZOR-
BACKS IS MIGHTY
BLOOD THIRSTY
CRITTERS!



AS YOUNG TIM FIGHTS WHAT SEEMS
TO BE A LOSING BATTLE WITH THE
HOGS, LORT MO'AR HAS HIS OWN
ESCAPE CUT OF...

HELP, HELP, THROW
ME A ROPE, QUICK!



I'M GETTIN' OUT OF
HERE! LET'S GO, AMIGOS!
SO LONG, MOLAR, SEE
YOU LATER, MAYBE!



THE LATE KID, WHO WAS GUARDING
THE REAR OF KELSEY'S CORRAL,
CLIMBS A LARGE TREE OVER-
HANGING THE HOGS...

I DO NOT KNOW
WHY I TRY TO
SAVE YOU, SENOR!



AS MORT IS PULLED
INTO THE AIR...

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT,
KELSEY, FOR NOT GETTIN'
THEM HOGS OUTTA
THAT CORRAL IN THE
FIRST PLACE!



I'M GOIN TO LET YOU
HAVE A TASTE OF
THE MEDICINE YOU
GAVE MY SON!



POW!

YA-A- AH!
HELP, HELP!
THEM HOGS'LL
KILL ME!



LORT MOLAR ISN'T AS LUCKY
AS TIM KELSEY, WHO HAS
MANAGED TO CLIMB TO THE
TOP OF THE CORRAL FENCE...



THE SHERIFF ARRIVES WITH HIS POSSE
AS MOLAR DIES AMONG THE WILD
HOGS AND WALT KELSEY HELPS HIS
BATTERED SON TO THEIR HOUSE...

I'M MIGHTY
SORRY I DIDN'T
GET HERE IN
TIME TO PREVENT
ALL THIS!

I, TOO, AM SORRY
SENOR...I SHOULD
HAVE STAYED RIGHT
WEETH YOU!

YOU DID YOUR
BEST, LAZO!
THANK PROVIDENCE
EVERYTHING TURNED
OUT ALL RIGHT!



ALWAYS THE
FULL MOON
BREINGS BAD
LUCK, LAZO..
YOU WEE!
NEED A
NEW ROPE!

A NEW ROPE EES
EASY TO BUY,
PEDRO, BUT
WALT KELSEY
VEREE NEARLY
LOST HEES SON!
PERHAPS, PEDRO,
THE FULL MOON
HAS BROUGHT
GOOD LUCK!



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